

To New York

Little green tables, Parisian  
in their dainty uprightness,  
extend across the grass,  
a marching band plays

in the distance,  
a small boy chases  
smaller pigeons, his father  
grasping a fleeting moment,

memory  
of friends gathered on blankets,  
plastic cups of wine,  
Monday night movies in July.

New York  
is raw  
no bullshit living.  
It is its people,

the abruptness of a woman's stride,  
the caffeine rush of bodies  
flooding in, stern faces  
beginning their stern days,

jazz jam in Grand Central Station,  
a father begging for a dime,  
new faces, unfamiliar  
speech, orange dress and blue jeans,

pigeons and their Egyptian walk,  
a tiny bird fighting  
for a piece of bread that must be  
twice her size.